





the old man, warmly. "Tisn't many a gentleman born who would come into a poor man's home and make himself so friendly as you have done to-day. I drink your health, sir, and here's hoping you may find friends and happiness wherever you go."

"Thank you. Let me return your courtesy, my good friend, and comply with my toast. The name of your fair daughter. Long life, a happy home, and some one to love her always." And he bowed to Kitty, and raised his glass to his lips.

"Oh, Kitty, lass, do you hear that?" said the old man, laughing, but at the same time wiping a tear from his eye. "I see you have guessed her little secret, sir; so she will not mind my telling you that your wish for her is likely to be granted. Long life we cannot be sure of; but the happy home she will have, and there is the man who will make it for her." And he laid his hand affectionately on William Hill's shoulder. "Tis their betrothal day, sir. We have been keeping it with a little dinner, you see."

"I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart," said Mr. Oliver to the expectant bridegroom. "You are a lucky man; and if ever a man's home was a happy one, I think yours must surely be with so good and so pretty a wife within it."

"Poor William! It was certainly a misfortune that, at such a moment, he should have been unable to find words for a reply—certainly a misfortune that he should hang down his head, blush furiously, and mutter, 'nothing, nothing, nothing,' to the effect that he would always be kind to Kitty. Kitty heard it more plainly than any one else, but even as she listened, she glanced from him to the tall, elegant stranger, who was so composed, and so polite, and a slight smile from her lips, she knew that the man, the farmer, broken by a loud exclamation from the farmer, which drew all eyes upon him.

"I wonder I never thought of it before!"

"Tisn't of what, father?" asked Kitty, moving so close to the farmer's chair.

"Why, this gentleman's name! And the book you are so fond of reading."

"Oh!" said Kitty, and her dark eyes grew round, and her mouth opened. "Oh, it is the same name. Did you write it, sir? Is it yours?"

She ran to the bookcase, placed a volume bound in green and gold, and put it into Mr. Oliver's hand. He smiled good-naturedly as he glanced at it.

"Yes, it is mine."

"Think of that, now!" said the farmer, proudly. "Many's the time I've heard the child reading it out loud of an evening, and here you are sitting with us, and the book in your own hand! D'rat it, how funny things do come round in this world! I don't they, sir?" he exclaimed.

"They do, certainly," said the author, who was still holding the book, and gazing absent-mindedly into the fire.

"Tis a main pretty story, what I remember of it," said the farmer, lighting his pipe.

"Tis a smoke, sir?"

"Thank you, I never smoke."

"And the people talk there pretty much as they would if they were alive," continued the old man, "which is a real blessing. Tisn't often I read a story, but when I do, I like to have things natural, like to have a spade called a spade, you know. Now, it seems to me that the ladies and gentlemen that write books, mostly like to call a spade by some finer name. No offense to them, but we plain people are usually puzzled sometimes to know what they are driving at, they do use such nation fine words."

"The fault of young gentlemen, mostly," said Mr. Oliver, smiling. "I used to do it myself when I was a young man. But, now I am getting old and grey, I begin to see the truth of your remark, that a spade should be called a spade, and not a 'utensil for the purposes of gardening,' or something of that kind."

"Tisn't exactly what I mean, sir," cried the old man, delighting in finding his criticism so well appreciated. "And now about that book, Mr. Oliver. Was any of it true?"

"A great deal," replied the author. And then he caught Kitty's dark eyes fixed upon him, and, stopping short, he said, "I was about to say, he looked visibly, for with the exorbitant price of his profession, he had made his book an exponent of his own soul at that particular period of his life, and there was something in it about a lost love, which was only too true, and which Kitty translated by the light of his momentary confusion precisely as he had not intended her to do. A lost love is a very romantic thing in theory, but no man likes to own that he has been ill-used; and Kitty's face showed that she had seen the book as if it had stung him, and said that he must go."

The clock struck eight as he rose from his chair. They all accompanied him to the gate. The wind and the rain had gone down—the sky looked clear and gold, and a white wintry moon was waiting to light him home.

"It will be fine now," said Mr. Atherton, as he bade him good-night. "You were talking about 'Rufus Stone' a little while ago, sir. By the way, after the coroner's inquest, it was found that he was not a murderer, and I will show you the way with pleasure, if you would like to go with me."

"I should be delighted," replied Mr. Oliver, glancing toward Kitty, who stood in the background by her lover's side. But, now it was not all work for us alone. Can we not make up a party—I dare say these ladies would like to go."

Fancy for a moment, the refined, fastidious Francis Oliver, who would scarcely have pined with the Queen of Sheba herself, asking away, admiring the old farmer's wife, who dropped their heads, and had a thousand provincial peculiarities in their speech, to join in an excursion to Stony Cross, and accept him for their cavalier. He did it, however, and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were melted by his entreaties, and promised to go. He thanked them warmly; and then, turning to the young farmer, said that of course he and his lovely little friend would join the party. But the day appointed was market-day, and William had to go to Romey to look up some more horses for his little estate. So it was settled that Kitty should go without him, and under her father's care. The author never once looked at her while this arrangement was being made, but stood joking and laughing with Mrs. Brown about the small cart which was to be chartered for the use of herself and her friends. If the donkey gave out, he said he would draw it himself; and after they had visited the Cross, they would light a fire in the forest and have tea in a regular gipsy fashion. For which purpose he would take certain canisters of potted meats from London in his coat-pocket.

"And will bring the tea and sugar," cried the delighted old lady; and Kitty will see to the bread and butter and such like matters before we start. And, by the way, Brown has some cows in the forest. I wonder if by any chance we could get a peep at them before we come back."

"Oh, by all means let us look up Mr. Brown's cows—and I will go after them with you, if the others rest after their tea," said the author, holding out his hand with a roguish smile.

"Get along with you, making fun of a woman old enough to be your mother," was the quick reply; but Mrs. Brown shook hands with him and like him none the less for his little joke. It somehow happened that Kitty's good-night came last. He did not joke with her—his manner changed entirely as he took her hand, and held it for an instant, while he repeated his congratulations and good wishes for her happy future. Then he lifted his hat, and went strolling away up the moonlit road toward his village lodgings.

They went back to the little parlor, which had a strangely deserted look since he had gone. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones soon took their leave. William lingered a little while longer, kissed Kitty in the vine-shaded porch, and then trudged homeward, thinking what a lucky fellow he was, and how little he deserved the happiness which had befallen him. The old farmer read the night-prayers, kissed and blessed his

daughter, and went to bed. Kitty saw that the fire was safe, locked the door, and went up the stairs to her own room.

At twelve o'clock that night, as Francis Oliver, tossing and turning restlessly upon his pillow, saw visions of the past by the pale light of the moon that wrung his heart with pang of "late remorse," little Kitty sat in her chamber, reading his book by the added knowledge of his looks and spoken words. Beside her on the table lay something at which she looked when she closed the book. She touched it—half the grace to blush deeply—half turning hastily away, undressed, and lay down to her bed. What was it? I am almost ashamed to tell. It was a gentleman's glove of black kid, and Francis Oliver had dropped it in the porch that evening as he was going away.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE MEETING IN THE GLADE.

"I played a soft and delicate air, / Using an old and moving key; / An old riddle song that fitted well; / An old riddle song that fitted well; / She listened with a fitting blush, / With downcast eyes and modest grace; / For well she knew, I could not choose / But gaze upon her face."

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"VERILY, there is no telling what a man may do when he is first falling in love," said Francis Oliver to himself, as he watched, with great amusement, the process of "getting up" away for the Forest excursion, on the day appointed by the farmer. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had little faith in pedestrian pleasures, and so held to the original plan of a donkey-cart, which he had proposed, half in jest, to them. And the donkey was obstinate, and would start when he ought to have kept still, and *vice versa*; and first the bread and butter, and then the ham, and then the tea and sugar, and then the kettles and matches, were forgotten; and the two stout ladies created such a commotion as they ran from the cottage to the cart, and from the cart to the cottage again, that all the small boys in the village congregated outside the gate to watch their proceedings, and salute them with a triumphant cheer when the donkey was at last set in motion. Mr. Oliver looked on with an inward shudder of disgust; but, when they were fairly off, and little Kitty came tripping down the walk with her pink dress, and her froshy-trimmed straw hat, and the key of the house door in her hand, his mood changed, and he gave her his arm as respectfully as if she had been a duchess, and opened a little gate at the side of the garden, she led him through a green meadow, over a rustic bridge that spanned a laughing brook, past a deserted heron house black with age and decay—and they were in the very heart of the Forest.

The author looked round with an exclamation of surprise and delight. The village of Brook was not more than half a mile away, and yet the silence was as perfect as if they had been standing in a Western wilderness. On either side arose groups of majestic oaks, with tiny curls of smoke issuing between their branches, and betokening the presence of human life and human industry, even there, in the heart of the forest, amidst vistas and the greenest glades, that seemed to lead out of the world into some impossible fairy-land—some paradise that had survived the Fall. As they went wandering on, new beauties met their eyes at every step. Now they passed a rustic cottage, half hidden within its flowering vines. Now a bright-eyed child stole out from some winding path, glanced at them slyly and ran back again; or a drove of small, frolicsome pigs scampered across the foot-path, with hilarious squeals, and grinnings—or a herd of cows looked at them in sober silence, chewing their cud, or else tossed their tails in the air, and set off in a wild gallop for some inaccessible haunt; and the squirrels chattered, and the wild birds sung, and the swollen brooks murmured far and near, till the author's heart grew full with the sense of Nature's loveliness, and that sadness, which such a sense always brings with it, made him turn to his pretty guide with a feeling of yearning tenderness he had never known before.

"Ah, Kitty!" he sighed, "it is almost too fair. It makes me feel so worn out and gray, dear child, beside you and all this fresh green beauty. I fancy I must be a hundred years old."

Kitty looked up with a smile of wonder. He bent down toward her, and, in answer to her question, Cupid only knows what he might have said or done had she not exclaimed, with a little blush and start:

"Oh, Mr. Oliver, if you please, we are close to Rufus Stone, and there are my aunts and father, and the cart!"

If he pleased! At that instant he wished them all ten thousand miles away. However, he put the best possible face on the matter, and joined them to the stone. The old farmer's head grew full of the place with infinite satisfaction.

"Here's where William Rufus was shot, sir," he exclaimed; "and here, where the stone stands, the tree grew from which the arrow glanced. You see the inscription, on three sides of the stone, sir."

Mr. Oliver read it aloud:

"Here stood the oak on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d of August, A. D. 1100."

King William II., surnamed Rufus, being slain, his body was buried in the church of St. Andrew, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city."

That where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John, Lord Delawar, who has seen the tree grow from which the arrow glanced, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city."

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away toward the lonely hills. At her right was the modest, dairy cottage, and the cows were coming up the narrow path, lowing gently at the sight of their mistress, who stood at the gate to admit them. A pastoral scene enough, and if it pleased Kitty—whose innocent life had been passed among such green retreats, such quiet nooks—what must it have been to the worn and weary man who sat beside her? He, too, gazed around and sighed. Then his eyes sought hers, and she almost fancied they were dim with tears.

"Come and show me the little brook I hear singing at a distance," he said, in a low voice. She arose instantly, and with a slight apology to the others, he led her away.

They walked through the green solitude, arm in arm. The voices of the party they had left were but faintly heard, as they passed down the sunlit glade. In place of them came the singing of birds, the neigh of some startled forest pony, with the quick patter of his small hoofs, and the murmuring of a woodland brook. On the banks of that little stream they paused. The arching boughs above them shaded the fair blue sky, but the sunshine still lingered, making its way through branch and leaf, and thick, hovering over Kitty's graceful figure, touching with bright rays Kitty's beautiful dark hair. She stood in the mellow light, silent and half afraid to stir, lest she should break the spell of the sunlit glade. In place of them came the singing of birds, the neigh of some startled forest pony, with the quick patter of his small hoofs, and the murmuring of a woodland brook. On the banks of that little stream they paused. 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OUR BIBLE CLASS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Cheerful even winter weather  
When our social eyes we pass,  
At a neighbor's met together  
In our pleasant Bible class.  
There our kind and gentle pastor  
Shows, in words with wisdom rife,  
What the good and holy Master  
Teaches in His Book of Life.  
There we learn His loving kindness  
Who has given balm and light—  
That to heal our mental blindness,  
This to guide our steps aright.  
While, in study and communion,  
O'er each sacred page we pass,  
Sweet the sphere of peace and union  
That surrounds our Bible class.  
Searching in that mine prolific  
Find we treasures stored of old,  
Higher far than lands Pacific  
Yield to searchers after gold—  
Treasures of the mind and spirit,  
Which the humble and the pure  
From the Father shall inherit,  
While His heavenly realms endure.  
May we read these Holy Writings  
In still, submissive mood,  
And our kind and gentle pastor  
To a life of truth and good.  
Love to God and to the neighbor  
Which our spirits shall amass,  
And we'll bless the pleasant labor  
Of our happy Bible class.

The Red Cross;

OR,  
The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING OUT IN THE NIGHT.

It is midnight now; ten thousand frogs croak harshly from their slimy homes among the reeds that margin the lake. The moon, pale and wan, looks over the darkened vale like the tired sigh of slumbering Nature; the moon wades through an ocean of pallid clouds like a fair flame through columns which dim its light. There is an expression of rest and waiting universal.

The cottage of the Kerchevals is dark and silent. At last the unhappy father sleeps, his faithful Margaret still sitting by his side, her head resting on the same pillow which supports his, and her kind hands clasping his as they did twenty years ago.

The children are supposed to be abed hours since; but Anne leans out from her little window up-stairs, watching the night drift by.

Brave, patient, loyal Anne Kercheval, there are saints in the calendar and martyrs on the roll—there are heroes in history and legends in romance—and placing these beside them, their sister pales in the fuller splendor of thy great and lofty endurance, even as these glimmering stars are lost and forgotten when Luna sheds her pure, shining light on earth and sky!

For ten years this young girl has not known one day free from care. She has made her father's misfortunes her own; his anxieties she has borne; his disappointments have struck her as soon as they struck him; she has been his ally, confidante, adviser, sympathizer—part and parcel of himself and his misfortunes.

From the moment when she first beheld this fatal spot to which his evil genius has beguiled him, she has loathed and shuddered at the place, and day by day has watched with never exhausted expectation for a chance to escape from it. Meanwhile she has had the misery of seeing her father's indefatigable labors invariably lost, turned to naught; squandered away on the pitiful speculations of a man whose natural business ability has been warped by grief into the folly of a weakened intellect; she has also had to play the role of counselor, comforter and mainstay of her despairing mother, who, dethroned from a proud position as queen of society, would inevitably have succumbed to despair were it not for her eldest daughter's noble spirit; and what has perhaps been the most difficult task of all, she has had to be of comfort to the young children, to whom she has found herself opposed from their earliest infancy by a mysterious spirit of antagonism which perplexed and baffled her, refusing to yield to love, generously as she has lavished it upon the ungrateful pair.

Upon her somber life Arch Arran, the handsome and gallant young merchant from Silver-Lead, has come like a burst of sunshine; with her clear, clever penetration she has at once fathomed the sweetness, honesty and strength of his character, and true woman as she is, has joyfully owned him her master, (that is in her heart of hearts), feeling it bliss enough to indulge in the luxury of loving, and carefully averting her eyes from the little too-folly of which has transpired this evening. Judge then how out of all proportion she values this her one bit of blue sky; how dreary a sacrifice has been to her, and how she has clung to it with a desperate grasp, and how she has clung to it with a desperate grasp, and how she has clung to it with a desperate grasp.

It is of this that the poor girl muses as she looks with quiet eyes into the gloomy night. Long ago she has smothered the flames of anger and shame which the cruel words of her sister kindled in her breast, smothered them in their love! Oh, God, your youth and light-hearted carelessness; but she cannot let the ghost of her slain love-dream.

In a trance of pain she sits motionless, long at her open window, and each moment that passes by carries its own world of anguish, and graves its own scar which time can never efface from her big, tender, woman's face.

Hush! A footstep on the grass between the heavy-headed hollyhocks.

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So then Anne leans out of her window and sees beneath the tall figure of Arch Arran, standing like a sentinel, in contemptuous indifference to the dog's friendly antics, and Anne draws back half choked. He has come to see again—her trial is not over yet.

God give her strength—God give her unselfishness.

Hush! Did he say—“Jostle?” Impossible! Oh, no, Arch is no villain—away with the unworthy thought!

Agah—“Jostle?” Great Heaven, he is calling the poor child!

Of course he is; it is her window he stands before, she has only to raise the sash and he can touch her.

Now what does this mean? Ah—(that kiss—the embrace before her)—the words of gratitude for Jostle's kindness—alas! Can Arch Arran then turn so quickly from the old love to the new?

Oh, Jostle, Jostle, you've opened your window at the first tap; may sin not find your heart as easy of entrance? You laugh gayly in your whisper; may you never carry a heart as fraught with pain and shame and horror as that which throbs above you!

And Arch Arran, fickle lover, shallow-hearted, may God have pity on your blindness, and not visit upon you the wrong you are doing your true love, whose conduct should have made her dearer to you, whom you should have upheld by your patience and composure!

So prays Anne, and meanwhile the suppressed voices of the pair at the window below have ceased, and she can hear Arch pacing back and forth on the soft turf, and the frogs croak on, and the deep breath of night floats by like a gasp of pain; and the thick, sweet scent of the gummy balsams, that fringe the stile, comes up, mixed with grave odors, like flowers in a death-chamber; and the white-faced moon sweeps on her royal way among the mists that bedevil her radiance, seeming to land in its daily work fortitude to bear its secret wound with fair and smiling front.

Hush! They speak again.

Arch has her chin in his hand, and is pursuing her lovely, upturned face while he speaks in a drawing way, with a short, scornful laugh now and then, of one whose spirit is bolder than his words be light.

takes the grand passion! Anne has trembled if he but looked at her. “I s'pose you don't want me to be as grum as Nan, do you?” “Cos if you do, you'd better go back to her again.”

A fierce oath is her answer, and he flings her from him roughly.

“There are some things I wouldn't advise anybody to talk about when I'm handy,” he mutters, presently, when Jostle has got her tears to begin flowing; “you've sense enough to know that I wouldn't hev asked your sister to marry me if I hadn't liked her above all earthly things, an' that her refus'n' doesn't make my likin' any less.”

Though I choose to give her an' all cold, proud women a lesson by turnin' round to her sister an' sayin' her off to California with her, you see you part in this here revenge of mine, my pretty miss, it doesn't warm my heart any toward you to see you so willin' to play your sister false, her that has de-served better of you, if even sister did.”

There is an awkward pause. Jostle hangs her head and fidgets from foot to foot, evidently abashed. Anne feels so faint and pants so heavily that she fears they will hear her, and stifles herself in her long, thick hair. Arch stalks up and fro, Bruno lumbering after him, and looking up in his face at every turning, with an inquiring crook of the tail.

Suddenly Jostle glides to his side, and drifts both her slim, white hands onto his sleeve, like pretty little snowflakes.

“Arch, dear,” she coos, with the tragedy thrill in her voice; “if you only knew how I admire you about goin' with you? I was only tryin' you.”

“Indeed, I'll never come between true lovers; instead, I'll plead with her night an' day to try to love you as you deserve. Many's the time I've said it already, Arch, though you never suspected who made her treat you as kind as she did, for what-ever the reason, poor Nannie always felt herself too far above Arch Arran to relish the alliance, as she used to say—”

“That'll do, my chick,” interrupts Arch, between his teeth; “if you're in earnest about making it all right between us two, you take the oddest way of provin' it. No, thank you, I'll wheedle for no woman's love, least of all with one that thinks me no more than a plaything.”

Now about you only tryin' me, an' not meanin' to go with me; well, I consider that argued, an' me the winner, an' sink the subject. Since Anne has treated me so badly, it's time that Anne's sister should make it up to me. I've sold out to uncle Jim, got enough of the cash to travel on, an' am all ready for Calif. By dawdlin' I'll be many a mile off. Come or stay; take me or leave me, it don't matter much to me which way the cat jumps. Well!”

Jostle pouts and tosses her head, she means to be won, of course, but she would (naturally) like to be wooed a little first. However, it is clear that Arch is in the mood not conducive to courtship. Nay, that if she does not look sharp he will stalk off and out her, and then where will be her chance to show unto the wondering world the power of her fascination.

She puts her pride in her pocket; her only consolation is that nobody is witness of her man-spirit-ness, except Arch, whose taunts she can always watch the night drift by.

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Jostle's excited glee interrupts, and is checked by him without ceremony.

“Hush! you goose, unless you want to bid them a formal farewell. You've no more prudence than a cockatoo.”

“Well, Blue-Beard, I guess you've got enough for both of us,” retorts the little maid, snatching, standing on her tip-toes to box his ears, (how lightly she

misfortune to quarrel with his partner so seriously that they deemed it most prudent to make an abrupt separation and each to go his own way in future, without reference to the other.

Acting entirely on his own responsibility, Gay-lure, the younger, who had put least capital into the concern, who was of least executive ability of the two partners, had insisted on going on the track of the new-made baron to bring him home-news which he might very probably consider not of the slightest importance; and Gay-lure had unwarrantably endangered the interest of the firm by possibly giving the baron moral offense, since he had departed on his ill-timed trip round the world with the intention of leaving the firm in charge of his partner, who was of less business ability than he.

There is an awkward pause. Jostle hangs her head and fidgets from foot to foot, evidently abashed. Anne feels so faint and pants so heavily that she fears they will hear her, and stifles herself in her long, thick hair. Arch stalks up and fro, Bruno lumbering after him, and looking up in his face at every turning, with an inquiring crook of the tail.

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Oh, Jostle, Jostle, you've opened your window at the first tap; may sin not find your heart as easy of entrance? You laugh gayly in your whisper; may you never carry a heart as fraught with pain and shame and horror as that which throbs above you!

And Arch Arran, fickle lover, shallow-hearted, may God have pity on your blindness, and not visit upon you the wrong you are doing your true love, whose conduct should have made her dearer to you, whom you should have upheld by your patience and composure!

So prays Anne, and meanwhile the suppressed voices of the pair at the window below have ceased, and she can hear Arch pacing back and forth on the soft turf, and the frogs croak on, and the deep breath of night floats by like a gasp of pain; and the thick, sweet scent of the gummy balsams, that fringe the stile, comes up, mixed with grave odors, like flowers in a death-chamber; and the white-faced moon sweeps on her royal way among the mists that bedevil her radiance, seeming to land in its daily work fortitude to bear its secret wound with fair and smiling front.

Hush! They speak again.

Arch has her chin in his hand, and is pursuing her lovely, upturned face while he speaks in a drawing way, with a short, scornful laugh now and then, of one whose spirit is bolder than his words be light.

Jostle's excited glee interrupts, and is checked by him without ceremony.

“Hush! you goose, unless you want to bid them a formal farewell. You've no more prudence than a cockatoo.”

“Well, Blue-Beard, I guess you've got enough for both of us,” retorts the little maid, snatching, standing on her tip-toes to box his ears, (how lightly she

which resulted in Mr. Griffith Thetford's sudden resolve to join Mr. Gaylure and his family in a trip across the Atlantic, to seek in pastures new that honor and emolument which Mr. Gaylure's envy and insolence denied him in his native land.

A week afterward, the emigrants were steaming down the Thames, while Gaylure sat in his deserted office, wringing his hands and cursing the sinister sneer of him who congratulated himself upon being far too adroit a rogue to be cheated by another.

“Walked off with the supposed heir,” muttered Gaylure, as he unfolded the carefully sealed coverings of a packet of documents, the private correspondence of himself and an eminent detective, who had been “working up” the Warren-Guiderland mystery for him during the past year. “Means to be the minor Providence to Thetford and reap the benefit among the Americans at his leisure. Does he know what I know about the mother's side of the Warren-Guiderlands? True, Thetford is one ahead of Kercheval, being the elder brother's line, but Gaylure, ha! ha! doesn't know all about Thetford, and he has retired with his prize—his ha! ha! ha! Resolved to make him the baron, after possibly bestowing his eldest daughter, the delicious Adalgisa upon him in the holy bonds of matrimony. Ah, Gaylure! Gaylure!” and the grave man of affairs leaned back in his hard leather chair in a passion of suppressed triumph.

Meanwhile Mr. Gaylure was mentally arranging his ideas somewhat after this form, as he paced the deck of the outward bound steamer, under the eyes of the four beautiful women and the remarkable looking young sprig of nobility, who were his companions *du voyage*.

“Thus far all goes well. It would take keen judicial eyes to detect the ruse by which Gryppe and I most to make our fortunes out of this Warren-Guiderland affair. Our pretended quarrel has raised a safe screen between us and suspicion of acting in concert, and while it throws dust in the eyes of too curious observers, falls in with my private plans admirably. I wonder whether he suspects anything? He looked fierce enough for a moment when Thetford said his lesson the other day, my plucky himself in my hands as a matter of mere sentiment, but he was too cautious to remonstrate in words, I dare say Gryppe has been scouring the universe in search of some yet nearer heir to talk me, but I happen to know that Thetford is the nearest, and mean to take care of Thetford accordingly. Then there is Cordelia Kercheval, lawful daughter of Jonas, the next after Thetford. Ay! they are in my hands,” smiled Gaylure, stretching these members out before him as if he saw in their light, graceful lines, the material forms of the Warren-Guiderland heirs, reduced to proportions which only required a nip of the finger and thumb to annihilate them. “The girl Cordelia, young, strong, beautiful, sure to do whatever she sets her mind on doing, safe to marry any man she pleases; the lad himself, entirely dependent on me or believing himself so, for the de luxe, pleasure-dilled life which he is effeminate enough to love best; Jonas Kercheval, next of kin to Thetford, and before Cordelia, he crouches under the lash of the one word, “bigamy,” and Gryppe has

Crystal, the other daughter, was a very different being. She was diminutive in stature, insignificant in manner, colorless in complexion, hair and eyes; her forehead was narrow, bony and steep, her hands mere anatomical specimens—a supremely undesirable young woman as far as outward attractions went—one in whom the very charm of youth seemed to be an added flaw to displease the beholder; and yet this girl of twenty-one cherished the wild ambition of eclipsing her sister with all her resplendent beauty; and, marvel of marvels, there were those this day alive who, scorched at first by the hard, bright beauty of Adalgisa, were gradually lured from her shrine by a spell, such as is attributable to the cold, pale sea-beast eyes of Crystal had woven about them, and who at last turned in dazzled glamour altogether to her, and were consumed by her witch-lures in a passion, mercilessly prolonged until she had wrung from the bitterly-afraid elder sister an acknowledgment of her superiority in the one game which these two lived to play.

“You sly—what do you do to them?” Adalgisa was wont to demand fiercely, in the sacred seclusion of their own apartment.

“Don't attempt to understand things,” Miss Crystal would retort; “be content with playing the beauty of our family, and let me play brains. And she would placidly arrange the exquisite ten-dollar bouquet which some recent admirer of Adalgisa's had sent her with a note overflowing with elegant love-making which sounded to the dull-witted elder sister like the empty clasp of crystals, sharply stinging her vanity nevertheless, since they were addressed to this hideous, scornful, nettle-tongued, female Mephistopheles of a younger sister, who seemed to understand everything under the sun in her supernatural intelligence.

The third of the graces was Cordelia Valrose, now known only as Cora Gaylure. We have seen this grand, pure, womanly countenance before, representing, as seen beside these other two, the extreme opposites of woman's nature. So might one turn from the destroying glory of the flaming volcano to the chill, divine whiteness of the moonlit glacier peak.

The three young creatures, charmingly equipped in picturesque bathing costumes, and hard in hand, with white feet gleaming on the firm white sand, ran, danced, laughed and sung their merry way up to the bathing-house, into which they disappeared. Griffith Thetford drew a long breath, passed his hand across his face slowly and dreamily, his eyes turning upon his servant Kool.

“Get her for me—I want her—I must have her!” he exclaimed, with extraordinary fervor; “she seems to make another creature of me; I love, I love her!”

Kool smiled quietly, his calm, penetrating eye fastened upon his young master.

“Don't forget what you are, Master Griffith,” he replied, without the slightest shade of irony, “you are a young man, with a clear head and white complexion, or in his gray eyes; ‘let the women go their own way, and we'll go ours the better without them.’”

Griffith's transparent cheek whitened instantly. He looked up in his servant's face as some innocent dumb animal might gaze in the face of its executioner. He was rather under the medium height, small-boned, slender, and boyish-looking, but his face was beautiful, with a soft, wistful, gentle beauty that set many a romantic young heart yearning over the youth, with sweet wonder and pain; his figure was graceful to an eminent degree, and although he betrayed in every movement the lack of early fashionable culture he conducted himself with such abandon, such natural, impetuous, unthinking enthusiasm, that he was far from being an object disagreeable to fastidious eyes. Indeed, when he was in his close-curling amber hair, clear, oval skin, and large, tremulously beaming brown eyes, which had a habit of dwelling piteously upon yours as if he would beseech your sympathy, this youth of twenty created a pleasant air and excitement among the bulls and bears on the matrimonial bourse wherever he went. Some keen physiognomist, the Gaylure for instance, were wont to observe, with considerable private speculation, a certain perplexed, deeply indented wrinkle between the eyebrows, which was apt to become conspicuous whenever the young man fell into a reverie; and should one chance to address him while thus abstracted, the pair of eyes that suddenly flew wide and fixed themselves in startled anxiety upon those of the speaker, suggested many a disturbing supposition.

After a few moments of utter, and as it would appear, of bitterly pained silence, the young man said:—

“This must change sometime, I am so young;” and he cast a passionately suppliant glance up into the shining sky as it glowed in at the sea-cave. “You have always said that as I grew older and stronger I should gradually shake it off.”

Kool merely bowed in impenetrable deference.

“She is so sweet—so sweet—I—oh, heaven! could a more perfect creature have been created?” said Griffith, his whole frame trembling and his countenance flashing and quivering with soul. “To be permitted merely to look upon her is sometimes more than my poor heart can bear. How can I prevent myself from falling on my knees and worshipping her?”

Master Thetford, said the factotum, respectfully, “it is the tenth of September, half-past five, A. M., and he replaced his very fine yet exquisitely unpretentious watch in his spotless black broad-cloth vest pocket as calmly as if the announcement meant nothing more than was visible on the face of it. But Griffith Thetford uttered a sharp, shocked cry, stood a moment gazing upon the hard blank face of his servant with that appealing look of his; then he threw himself upon the flinty floor of the cave in an abandon of dismay and groaned.

Kool regarded his master with respectful non-comprehension. The day upon which Mr. Thetford had announced his intent of accompanying Mr. Gaylure and his family to the United States, this morning had come from the mysterious shades of the young man's past, had simply said, “Where Master Thetford goes I must go,” and had taken his place by his side, no more to be bullied, coaxed, threatened or bribed from his post by the ill-placed lawyer, who would have infinitely preferred to have the excitable young man completely under his own influence.

Having thus defeated Mr. Gaylure, Kool quietly dropped him out of his consciousness, invariably ignoring his presence when he was doing his cleverest before Mr. Thetford, and only uttering the most random remarks to himself with a stately bend of his head, his eyes being fixed upon vacancy.

After a lengthy silence, Griffith raised his face, now pale and haggard, and kneeling upright upon the brilliantly-colored pebbles which caught the level sun-rays like the gems in a magic cave, exclaimed faintly:—

“Where can I hide myself? Quick! Think of some place!”

The servant allowed an imperceptible smile of contentment to play at its usual over the young man's face, but next instant his features had regained their impenetrability as he replied:—

“You have now about thirty minutes yet before you live through the day as usual, leave the rest to me; at the right time I shall open a door of retreat for you.”

“What?” cried



plained either by himself or his inseparable attendant, the marble-faced Kool—all contributed to bend her generous heart in story kindness toward him, and she thought him only a boy, incapable of amorous passion.

Adrian's splendid, long, sleepy eyes sometimes raised upon the pair as they strolled hand in hand along the shore, or among the scented wildwood glades, and a curious lowering line would contract her graceful brows. Crystal's pale, sea-bred eyes were also often turned in intent reverie upon them, while her full lips compressed themselves into a somber threatening frown.

"It is requisite to my schemes that Cora marries Griffith, mind that, girls," and the dutiful pair had bowed their elegant acquiescence, after which nothing remained for them save the post, alternately taken, of Gooseberry.

The party strolled together upon the dewy, grassy path from the beach to the entrance of the grounds of the hotel, where they entered a path, conventional asphalt foot-way, and mounted terrace by terrace between rich shrubs, trees and arbors, to the wide piazza, where already most of the occupants of the "Alhambra" had congregated, breakfast cup in hand, with expert waiters darting in and out among careless groups, conveying the delicate luxuriant viands after them.

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the count's lips. Gomez flushed painfully under the blows that drew blood, and suddenly sprang upon his tormentor. There was a brief struggle and the whip was in his hands. Then it fell once upon the count's broad shoulders, when it was hurled across the room, and the young knight bounded to the door.

"There comes another day," he said, glaring at his assailant. Then he turned on his heels and strode from the castle.

His ride from the scene of his disgrace was the most mournful one of his life. Whipped by the father of the prettiest girl in Spain, and beneath her castle roof, at that. He felt the insult keenly, and for a moment tears mingled with the blood that trickled from the cuts of the lash.

The affair would not be kept quiet. He knew Count Pastellar's disposition—know that he could spread the knight's disgrace over the kingdom. That it would be flaunted in his face in every market place, upon every road. He did not stop to think whether Isabel had been a party to the wrong; he could not accuse her of such deception; and so, loving her still, he rode slowly on, with but one desire in his heart—vengeance.

He saw the city but did not dash toward it, though he knew that Pedro and Garcia were there. He was ashamed to show his bleeding face to them. His disgrace might cost him his life at the hands of the populace. Once he looked back and shook his clenched hands at the proud towers of Pastellar Castle, then drove his spurs home and soon left castle and city far behind.

On, on as though the hounds of justice were baying at his heels, the boy knight rode. He dashed through laurels with the speed of the wind, hiding his bleeding face with one arm, while the other held the reins. At last he halted before a poor hut at the foot of a mountain and shouted to his horses.

He was answered by an old crone who made her appearance, to utter an exclamation of terror at sight of him.

"I need help!" he said, throwing himself from the saddle. "I want my wounds dressed, and if you ever tell that I have been here, there will be blood on my knighthood badge."

He left his steed at the door, and entered the hovel as night swooped down and covered the mountain with her wings.

"Who will be your queen of beauty this victorious day, good Pedro?"

"My lady Isabel."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten when I might have known. He will not be here to bite his lips."

"No!" and Pedro laughed while his dark eyes sparkled with vengeful triumph. "Four months have passed since the count cut him handsomely with the whip. I know his proud nature could not brook the insult. Down in some mountain gorge he has ended the life which he considered disgraced. It was a stroke of policy, Garcia, an admirable affair I might say, for the lady Isabel was beginning to think something of the boy."

"How is she now?"

"True, but she is as the hawk to my master. I have her heart, and when I have crowned her queen of love and beauty to-day, the gracious king himself will publicly betroth us."

"Then you anticipate the crown?"

"Is she surely to be mine?" was the assuring reply. "My lance owns no conqueror in all Hispania."

The foregoing conversation took place in a rich tent just without the lifting ring.

It was a gala day for the nobility of Spain, for the monarch was to honor the festivities with his presence, and was, moreover, expected to level a lance himself. The tournament had been given in honor of a late victory, and the best lance of the kingdom had been drawn into the lists. Numerous tents, decorated with courtly insignia, formed a semi-circle opposite the gorgeous pavilion occupied by royalty, and the handsome lady-loves of the knights.

Pedro and Garcia, whom we have met before, were in the former tent. The lists were about to be opened, and the esquires were ready to usher their respective masters into the ring.

Beside the monarch sat Count Pastellar, proud and dignified, and his daughter Isabel, a little pale and anxious, occupied a chair near by.

The lifeguard called at a signal from the king, and with the usual flourish of trumpets six and twenty knights rode from the tents.

Then the tournament opened, and lance crossed lance as the horses came together in the terrible charge. Lord and lady regarded with interest the successful, and the welkin rung with trumpet blasts and loud huzzas.

Pedro seemed determined to make good his boast.

By one he unhorsed the various champions, until at length there appeared no other foe to conquer. He lowered his casque and bowed to the plaudits of the spectators as his esquire made proclamation:

"Pedro, my good master, Knight of the Stainless Fleecy, challenges any lance in the kingdom to combat."

The boastful lance ceased, and the laughing Spaniard looked triumphantly around. He did not fear a reply.

But, all at once, the curtains of an obscure tent parted and an esquire, clad in black armor, lifted his voice:

"My valiant master, Knight of the Black Crest, will level lances with he of the Stainless Fleecy."

This proclamation created intense excitement. Pedro looked at the king, in whose eyes he detected a merry twinkle, and bowed as if he had discovered a royal trick.

But the trumpets calmed the tumult, and the Knight of the Black Crest rode from his tent. He was greeted with deafening shouts by the populace, and the splendid crest of black feathers bowed low to royalty. His armor was black; his mettled steed and long lance were of the same somber hue.

If Pedro feared defeat he did not reveal it, for he lowered his casque upon his opponent's appearance, and a minute later the first shock took place. It was an admirable charge, and told that the antagonist's were worn and wide.

Withdrawing the men rested a spell, and then charged upon each other with a zest that made the spectators hold their breath. The shock of encounter was terrible.

Pedro's lance, good as it was, snapped against the black and unbroken knight—with signal defeat.

The fallen man essayed to rise; but being faint, he could not, and a stain of blood followed the futile effort. It was then discovered that his heavy breast-plate had been shattered by the invincible lance.

The Knight of the Black Crest war declared the victor, and amid the wild plaudits of the spectators, he stood a moment with the crown of victory in his hands. He seemed to be seeking his lady-love among the excited ladies in the pavilion.

At last his eyes flashed with eager joy, and dismounting, he approached the throng of beauty. Not a word was spoken until he placed the crown upon the golden hair of Count Pastellar's daughter.

Then a tremendous shout rent the air.

"This is my queen of love and beauty!" he cried. "This day I have wiped out the foul insult that has made me an outcast. Our gracious monarch, the king, will tell you that I am a good knight. He will say that the beautiful woman whom I have crowned to-day shall become my bride."

"Long live the Knight of the Black Crest! Let us see his face!"

In response to the shouts the victor took off his casque, and faced the assemblage.

It was Gomez, whom we last saw smirking under the stings of the count's whip.

With flashing eyes, Count Pastellar demurred to the proceeding, but the king, quietly, put a stop to his maledictions, and with his own hands gave Isabel away.

Shortly after the flagellation she had informed her lover of the conspiracy. It reached the king's ears, and royalty at once entered upon a plot to punish the guilty.

Pedro and the half-repentant Garcia were

sent into exile, while the Knight of the Black Crest, advanced to new titles by the king, completed his revenge by marrying Count Pastellar's daughter.

## SONG OF THE GRATEFUL.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

With wonder fraught,  
I've often thought  
Of nature's mystic ways:  
So grand, sublime,  
In every clime,  
That cannot I more gaze.

My spirit leans  
To all the scenes,  
That filled me with delight.  
To me in dreams  
With loving dreams,  
Though vanished from my sight.

In ecstasy  
Enthralling me,  
Their charms my mind impress'd,  
O's wondrous ways  
With needed praise  
I had not well confess'd.

Nor all the good  
That twist me tood,  
Though life seemed a love:  
Faith to impart  
Into each heart,  
Descending from above.

My being fills  
With love and grace,  
When gratitude gives  
For every gift  
That me doth fill,  
And better I may live.

My inner sight  
Drinks in the light,  
Where all was dark before;  
And perfect joy  
With thankfulness  
Is mine forevermore!

## SURE-SHOT SETH.

### The Boy Rifleman.

OR,

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRULY INFERNAL.

It was on the night following the events just narrated that we left the Boy Brigade on the shores of Lake Luster, then bathed in the mellow radiance of a full moon.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped each lip as they gazed over the lake, the sheet and its dark-green border of forest trees.

But few of the little party had ever looked upon Lake Luster under similar circumstances. It was a place seldom frequented by hunter or trapper. The deep shadows seemed to have expelled all animal life from within its borders, and it was only by accident that one happened there.

"By night!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim. "If that isn't the most beautiful scene I ever clapped my optics on. Why, she burns like a jewel on the black hand of a nigger gal. Lake Luster, did you say, Seth?"

"Yes; the water is almost transparent. In many places you can see the bottom and the fish sporting about; but this is nothing more or less than a miracle. I have never seen anything but a dead fish in all my life."

"That's good; and I hope they'll continue to observe this absence from the spirit lake while we're here," said Jim. "I've had enough of horrid jellies and lumps of meat to last me till next harvest."

"Wherever our trail leads, they'll be sure to follow, mind what I tell you," said Sure Shot Seth.

"Wherefore?" old Jim demanded.

"They are led by a white man; or rather a white boy, whose name will be nothing in our favor. Ivan Le Clercq is unprincipled and bad. He has just enough of Indian blood in him to make him bloodthirsty and revengeful; and enough of French to make him subtle in plotting and cunning."

"Yes; but, bego, they dassent buck against the Boy Brigade," said Teddy O'Roop.

"Ki, yi, guess de Boy Brigade had all day wait at de island last night, whar de angel come trap and sing on de rock."

"Lovely creature!" exclaimed old Jim; "she saved our bacon, I dare say, and it'd do me good to stand up before her and thank her with all my heart for her kindness. Wasn't she superlative?"

"You don't think she was a celestial being, do you?" asked Seth, half smiling.

"Think it!—heavens! I know it. Nothing mortal that wears hair would 'dare' to come onto that shore between the muzzles of two-score of our rifles."

"She was an entire stranger to me, Jim; but I know she is mortal; and furthermore, I am inclined to think she is a personage known to and wielding great power over the red-skins."

"But, my dear Miss Harris, if living, so let us move on, and—"

At this juncture, Hoosah, the Indian lad, who had been absent from the main party, re-appearing, came running up in great excitement, and said:

"Bad lings—lots on ahead!"

"Indeed?" exclaimed Seth; "are they watching for us?"

"No—watchin' big wigwam on the lake—see him float out from shadows."

He pointed out the whole of the little band scattered in every direction like a flock of sheep. The savages uttered a yell, and sent a volley into the darkness after them, but not a bullet took effect.

The footsteps of the Brigade fleeing in every direction confused the red-skins, so that pursuit was baffled for some time. This gave our friends an opportunity to make good their escape. It was a part of their tactics under such circumstances. The "whirr" issued by Sure Shot Seth's lips was well understood; it was a signal to disperse.

Away through the darkness of the grim Black Woods the Brigade fled. Seth took Mr. Harris with him, while Joyful Jim and Tom Grayson, who had been admitted to membership in the band, sought safety as did the rest.

In ten minutes' time a deep and profound silence reigned over the forest and lake. The red-skins made no attempt to follow the boys far. They knew the danger of scattering in pursuit.

But in the wood, under the deep shadows of a great tree, Sure Shot Seth and Maggie's father came to a halt, and listened.

"We have escaped," said the latter; "but who knows the fate of the others?"

"Rest assured they are safe," was Seth's confident reply.

But they are all scattered like a covey of quails. I daresay we are the only two that stuck together."

"That's the idea, exactly. We take the quail for our example. A peculiar 'whirr' of the leader's wings disperses them, and, rest assured, each quail will remain concealed until the leader calls, when it will come out and answer. If all, as applied to the Boy Brigade, do not answer, I repeat the call; and if some are still silent, it is to be taken for granted that danger lurks near the ones not answering."

"But, suppose one of your band should be killed?"

"We have made no provision for such a mishap, for we don't intend to get killed."

The Boy Brigade is a splendid organization," said Harris; "and if it can find my child, I will be under eternal obligations to it."

"We will leave nothing undone to find her, Mr. Harris. She may have fallen into the red-skins' power, or she may have grown tired waiting my return, and fled. We have only to be patient and constant in our search."

A host suddenly crept out from the shadows of the east bank and moved toward the strange raft. There were five occupants in it. They were savages, and brightly flashed their paddles as they rose and fell in the water.

The man now rose to his feet, and in deep, thunderous tones warned the red-skins back.



"Nothing dishonorable," she answered, evasively.

"That's not a very square answer," was the rude response.

"It is all that I feel at liberty to give," the maiden said, fear manifest in her voice.

"Well, let me hear what propositions for peace you have to make," the renegade observed.

"Nothing more than the request that you withdraw your designs against our home yonder, on the lake, and no harm shall befall a red-man, so far as we are concerned," was the maiden's response.

"We fear nothing, nor any one," was the brutal reply of the Boy Chief. "The woods and the lakes belong to the red-man, and it is not for the whites to make conditions regarding them."

"I know the Indians are not cowards, and I do not wish to intimidate them. I only ask what is honorable."

"What is your father's name?"

"Neptune," she answered; but Le Clercq's ignorance of mythology concealed the evasion in her answer.

"Neptune," he repeated; well, I will accede to your demand on one condition."

"I will be pleased to hear what your wish may be."

"Well, there's a young girl aboard your boat, isn't there?"

Vishnia started, and hesitated for a moment to reply, but finally she said:

"There is no desire to answer falsely: there is a young girl there—Miss Harris."

Seth's heart gave a great bound. He was afraid that it would betray his presence. Maggie was safe, and that was joy to him. He felt so thankful that he could have kissed the garments of her who brought the glad intelligence. But his feelings assumed a different mood when he heard the young chief say:

"Deliver that maiden into my power and you and I shall be no molested no more by the Indians."

"That would be against her will," said Vishnia.

"I dare say it would; but no difference about that."

"I would not consent to do a wrong, for if you would hold her a captive against her will, it would be cruel and barbarous," said the maiden.

"The Indians are classed as barbarians," Le Clercq replied; "so it wouldn't make any material difference."

"Father will never consent to give her up to her enemies."

"But I will make him give her up."

"Do not overestimate your power, young chief."

"I'll see to that. I'll just hold you in hostage till that girl is given up."

Vishnia started, and her face grew pale with fear. This was something she had not expected, and she saw little chance of escape from her situation.

"I have always heard that the Indians were possessors of gallantry, and under such circumstances would treat a woman kindly," said Vishnia; "but had I known otherwise, I would never have placed myself at your mercy."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but the exigency of this case demands that I hold you a prisoner till Maggie Harris is given up. Black Dog"—turning to the Indian—"you will take this girl back to our camp."

Half reluctantly, the Indian advanced toward the maiden, who, seating herself, attempted to flee. But the Indian was too quick for her. He caught her canoe and dragged it half upon the shore; but, before he had time to contaminate her by his touch, Seth saw the bushes on the opposite side of the path move, and the next instant a tomahawk, wielded by some unseen person there, fell upon the head of the savage. Like a log he went down lifeless, falling purely in the water. Hawk-Eyes started back, aghast with fear and horror. He heard the click of a revolver on his left, and the next moment the weapon itself was thrust through the foliage into his very face. But not a word was spoken—not a face was visible to the half-trained young chief. He fixed his glaring eyes upon the weapon, and ran then along the arena thrust from the bushes, but he could not tell by whom he was confronted. That it was an enemy with a cool head and steady nerve, however, he had no doubt. Had he known that he stood at the muzzle of Seth's revolver, his terror would have been still greater; but Seth did not want him to know it, and so kept still and hid in the bushes.

For fully a minute the young chief stood wining before the weapon thrust at him like the finger of death; but, seeing the unknown enemy hesitate to fire, he gathered courage, struck up the muzzle of the weapon, then turned and darted into the darkness.

The red man parted the bushes and stepped out into the moonlight on one side of the path, and Hooseah, the Indian lad, appeared from the other.

"Me kill Seth brave; why Seth not kill Hawk-Eyes?" asked the young friendly, a look of some regret on his face.

"I would not fire through fear of bringing danger upon her," replied Seth, pointing toward the little canoe leaping across the water under the vigorous strokes of the fair Vishnia's paddle. (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

## THE ANSWER.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

There I see the postman coming, And I soon will hear him drumming On the window-pane, to tell me that a letter's come.

And I wonder what is in it! Though I'll know well, in a minute, If it is the one expected from the rover o'er the sea.

Yes, I know it will bring tidings Of the fruit of my mind and care, That the one to whom my heart is gone should stay so long away.

And I'm sure 'twill be o'erflowing With the love that I have sent you, In the bosom of the writer, who my summons will obey.

For I wrote him I was lonely; I was thinking of him only, And I couldn't wait to see him till the day he said "Come home!"

And I told him then to hurry; My heart would be in a hurry Till I met him in the gate again, to bid him "welcome home!"

There, I knew it! 'Tis his writing! And he says he will bring it, Coming quick to see his darling, whom he never once forgot.

And he says that when he's coming, I should meet him in the gloaming, And then alone he'd tell me of—well, I'd rather not say what!

The Hunted Bride:  
OR,  
WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE SNARE AGAIN.

DRESSED in her wedding robes, Margaret stood at the window of her room, listening for the approach of the train which was bringing the bridegroom, and numerous of his friends. The sun had set, but it was not yet dark, the full moon lighted the west meeting and mingling with the pearly luster of a full moon just rising in the east. The house was full of gay sounds, music, laughter, singing, jesting; ladies were waiting on the porticoes and standing in groups on the lawn; the halls resounded with mirthful voices and light footsteps; the air, within and without, was absolutely burdened with the perfume of uncounted flowers.

The larger number of the lady guests had arrived by the earlier train, and having refreshed themselves and their toilets, were now enjoying the beautiful house, decorated with exquisite taste for the occasion, and the delightful grounds. These guests, of course, were the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, and many of them of Mr. Kellogg—the bride-elect having, as we know, been so circumstanced through her young life to have few friends of her own. One good friend she had, though, who had not failed her, but was there, in the full glory of a new brown silk and white shawl; but Mrs. Sally had not brought Mr. Griggs, for whom she had looked up to the last hour, yet been obliged to go without him after all.

Margaret, strange as had been many of the influences of her life—little as she had mingled with what is called society, and stranger as she was to almost every face she could see that night, felt no timidity at the ordeal before her. Instead, the hour to her was felt as one of triumph. She was so proud of her lover that she was proud of herself as his choice; and to do honor to him, and to herself for his sake, she had resolved that all should be lavish, tasteful, befitting a queen of society.

The banquet was ordered from the city; flowers filled the house, and the little village church, within which the ceremony was to be performed—for Margaret was of too immediate English descent to be married anywhere but in church, by the Church of England service. A band of musicians, also from the city, were already tuning their instruments inside an open summer-house on the lawn, preparing to greet the bridegroom with the triumph strains of the wedding march, as he came up from the station to the Villa.

The last touch had been given to the bride's toilet, and Mrs. Maxwell, having been in to criticize and approve, had kissed her, vowing she was too beautiful for any mortal man, and had borne off Tina, to assist some of her guests, leaving Margaret alone for a few moments of rest. Exciting as had been the day, she was conscious of no fatigue, and instead of reposing in the little blue satin chair where Mrs. Maxwell had carefully placed her, so as not to disarrange her veil and robe, she was drawn to the window to look out at the lovely sunset, and to listen for the first strains of the now-expected train.

As she stood thus, unconscious that any one beheld her, and so not seeking to hide her soul, any one might read the story of her adoration of that man for whom she waited—read it in the kindling eye, the flushed cheek, the heaving breast, and the rapturous glow of her countenance. As she stood there, her head slightly inclined to listen, her eyes fixed on the rosy western sky, she was not at all aware of a pair of eyes, as bright as her own, but bright with far different and more dangerous light, which watched her from one of the upper windows on the lawn. Strange how blindly we may stand on the verge of fate without a single thrill of premonition to warn us of the abyss before us!

As the bride stood there in the wide-open window, listening and waiting, the whistling blow of a train was heard, and a common dandy, her paleid she instantly became—white as the robe and veil and wreath—had she not the next moment, regained a color like that of the loveliest rose, blushing to herself at her own emotions. At that instant one of those sudden transformations occurred, so common during summer sunsets. The west, which had grown almost dark, flushed suddenly a deep scarlet; the very air was imbued with the reflection, so that, as she stood there, the bride appeared, as if by magic, to be clothed in red-blood garments. The snowy veil, the glistening white silk dress, even the wreath of flowers, and the sweet face of the wearer, had grown blood-red. The black eyes watched her from their retreat, marked the change, and laughed the silent, terrible laughter of wicked eyes.

This too, was but momentary, and then the beautiful bride grew fairer than ever in the silver tide of the increasing moonlight; a rich swell of music beat up from the lawn, filling the air, which had already seemed so full of perfume as to leave no space for music, with the delicious rhythm of the wedding-march, and, shrinking into the shadow of the curtain, saw him approaching, joyful and eager-looking, moving amid a troop of friends.

In a few moments she stole down to the library to exchange a few words with him—she was before she would take her place by his side in church.

"My Margaret," he breathed, in a whisper, as the enchanting vision appeared before him, and in the two words she felt his admiration and his love. "I will not call you that again tonight," he said, as he took her hand, and, looking at her as if his thirsty gaze could not be satisfied, "you are Juliet—my Juliet. It was as Juliet I began, in one short evening, to love you. Oh, would poor Romeo's fate had I been as happy as my own! What have I done to deserve such a fate? Juliet, you are perfect! You are absolute perfection! I did not know you could be so much more than beautiful. What is the charm? Let me try to find it. Is it in those eyes, in those lips, in that smile, or blush? Oh, find it in all—indiscoverable!"

"It is all summed up in one word, master," she said, with a divine glance, so fond, yet so reluctant—"I love you. My face speaks love, and that makes it seem fair to you."

"How singular that we should have met as we did," he continued, still gazing at her, but a shadowy peace over his countenance, as if he had made for each other as we are, tastes, talents, hearts in unison, coming together by such slight chance, under such painful circumstances—I cannot account for it. But I love you—you are mine, by right divine"—fervently, speaking fast, as if to some imaginary enemy, "I will snatch her from him—I will fight for you, die for you."

"Why, Kemble, what is it?" she asked, half alarmed; for he spoke with an excitement quite different from the soft joy with which at first he had regarded her.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he answered, dropping her hand and beginning to walk up and down the floor, while she stood silent until he flung himself upon a sofa, sighing wearily.

"Kemble, you are fatigued to death. I might know you would be, you have been so hurried lately. Have you had any supper?"

"No, darling; but I am to have a cup of tea directly. After that, Richard's himself again. Why, do I frighten you, Juliet? I had an ugly thought—that was all. It crosses my mind at the most unexpected times. It is the shadow of the sunshine of my too bright prospects."

"Tell it to me; that will exorcise it," she said, sinking to a footstool before him, and looking up at him, with expectant eyes.

"Nay, least of all to you. I tell you it is gone—perhaps forever. It will not come back when you are actually mine. See! look in my eyes?—don't they show that I am a thousand times happier than I deserve to be?" smiling and looking indeed exultant—"but there is the signal that my cup of tea is waiting—and the sooner we part now, the sooner we shall meet to part no more, Juliet, sweet darling—wife."

Blushing at the word, with his kiss on her hand, she stole back to her chamber to await the summons, which came within an hour, calling her down to set out for the church. A long train of carriages waited to take up the company, the full moon lighted the bridal cortege, and the lights of the church glimmered, in the distance, through the arched windows. Margaret went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, her cousin being the person to give her away. Her heart was too full of the solemn rapture, the intense emotions of the hour, to allow her space for much reflection, contrasting this with an other occasion when she had gone to a church with the man who now sat opposite to her by the wife of his choice.

The little edifice was so crowded that it was with difficulty a path could be cleared to the altar; the bridal procession, obliged to move slowly, was sustained by the organ's anthem; the spectators rejoiced in the slight delay, which gave them prolonged opportunities for noting

the arrangement of the orange wreath, the thickness of the lustrous, how white the bride was, how red she was, and whether, or not, she carried a bouquet. The bridegroom, too, being a stranger, received an unusual share of attention.

The music died slowly out, the buzz of whispering spectators nestled into silence as the clergyman advanced, and the ceremony began. When he came to the words—"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace"—there was a movement in one of the square pews facing the altar, on the south side of the church. Some one sitting there in the shadow of a pillar, stood up; Margaret was conscious of a slight sensation in the assembly, but her thoughts were too intent on the solemn service to allow her eyes to wander.

In the brief pause left by the clergyman, more from custom than because it was ever expected any response would be made, something fell upon the consciousness of the people present, as the shadow of a cloud falls on a landscape. They saw the person arise, and felt a sympathetic chill; but there was no time to shape an idea before a clear, peculiar voice—a sweet voice, for a man's, and yet with something stinging and cruel in it, said—"I know a good deal and sufficient reason. The lady before the altar is my wife."

His voice! Margaret turned a startled and startled glance toward the altar, as if she expected to behold a spirit arisen from her grave. He stood there, half-smiling, calm, as ever, looking at her with the old gaze of passion and triumph—no uneasy glow, come back from death itself to assert his power over her, but Senator Martinique, in the full calm of his own mind, he had forced all that assembly, and the man she loved silent by her side!

"Is this the truth?" asked the clergyman of her, while, as yet, the crowd had not stirred, but seemed holding its breath.

"Yes," he answered, looking, wandered from the speaker to the senator's, and back again; the earth seemed heaving under her feet, a leaden weight pressed the breath from her lungs; mechanically, in a heavy, cold tone she answered:

"It is; but I thought him dead. He was drowned in the harbor. What an agony to turn toward Kellogg, who she gazed, blindly with her hands, and would have fallen, but the strong arm of her lover closed about her waist, and all she only felt that she rested upon him, and all else was a blank to her."

"For God's sake, Kellogg, let me carry her out, and let the explanation be made more privately. The whole house is aghast," whispered Branthope.

A universal sigh was breathed by the spectators, when Margaret sunk insensible; they began to stir now, and a small tumult broke out, but Kellogg, the pause of surprise and curiosity had reigned.

"I want no private explanations," burst forth Mr. Kellogg, in a voice of thunder. "You are not dealing with a timid and ignorant girl now, Mr. Maxwell, but with me. I am not a child, and I will not be deceived. Branthope, a sickening dread of exposure causing him to turn very pale. 'This is no place for such a scene. My wife is here—our friends—relatives—'"

All the better for my purpose. You, and Senator Martinique, must know that I am a man no one dares to trifle with. What I keep my peace, and this woman whom I love lying here, half killed by your cowardly persecutions! The spirits of the dead about us would rise up to reproach me for such weakness. Do not go, gentlemen. Sit you still in your seats, and you shall hear a story which will make you wiser, as regards the capability of meanness to be found in the hearts of respectable men—honored members of society, church-goers, and tithe-payers. I'll tell you all about this marriage between Branthope and a girl seven years his junior. Sit you still, and I'll tell you all about the time it took place, and John Lopez Martinique. I will show you the part her cousin and natural protector, Branthope Maxwell, took in it. I will bring before you a vivid picture of what one man will do to gratify a selfish desire, which he will not even name to you, and what another will do to secure a fortune without the exertion of earning it. Married! ay, but no law in the land would hold it valid one moment; a fiendish piece of heartless fraud, from which my poor darling here could at once have been rescued, if she had been a child in all the ways of the world—brought up in a seclusion which made her the helpless victim of their plotting."

He said the words "my poor darling here," with an accent of such infinite tenderness, glancing at the young woman, who sat so near him, that half the women in the house burst into tears, they knew not why, but hushed themselves again, for fear of losing one word of what he was saying. It is not to be supposed that if Kemble Kellogg could move a critical audience to tears, that he had not been a child in all the ways of the world—brought up in a seclusion which made her the helpless victim of their plotting."

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From the beginning, he told Margaret's story—in words as few as possible, but burning and scathing with content when they touched upon the river to escape from her relentless auditor; her heroism in resisting the allurements of his great wealth, when her heart could not go with her hand; her life in the city as seamstress and flower-maker, while her cousin was enjoying the life of a millionaire; her final escape on the steamer, where he (Kellogg) had seen and loved her; the senator's appearance there, dogging her to a strange country, in the hope of yet securing her; the fire on the ship, the supposed death of the senator, magnanimously forgiven, having publicly betrayed her cousin; instead, allowing him to retain the most of the property for which he had been guilty of so much meanness.

"You all know," he concluded, "that there is not a card in the land that I am free to be made out. It was only her inexperience which kept her so long in bondage. After I told her that she could procure a legal release, she resolved to do so; but after the death, as we thought, of Senator Martinique, she was so overcome by such a proceeding. Some men, we know, are not born to be drowned; it now appears that he is one of them. I thank him for appearing here this night. It has saved my intended wife some mortification. She will now, of course, at once proceed to obtain a release. I will not say divorce, for she never lived with this man. His kiss has never even stained her lips. Mine she is and shall be, my virgin bride, adoring me as I do her—being to kiss Margaret's forehead, at which a murmur of sympathy arose, so loud that she restraining memory that she was in the church, she was so overcome by such a proceeding. 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## MR. PODDLE AT HOME.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Now, Absalom Poddle, look there,  
You've gone and left open the door.  
Don't you know that a door's made to shut?  
I've told you so often before.  
Why, every door about the house you've given  
The habit of flying open when you're  
around.

And you know there are nearly a score.  
Arms full of wood? What of that?  
That is no sort of excuse,  
When the weather's as cold as this.  
And look at the snow on your shoes!  
I'll declare, Mr. Poddle, whenever you are  
about, the house gets all the more upside  
down.

And I like to know what is the use.  
You make all the work that you can  
For a woman as worn out as I.  
You scratch up the chairs with your heels,  
Now, Poddle, you cannot deny!  
And you spit in the stove, and if that isn't  
enough you muddy up the hearth—  
If I wasn't so mad I would cry.

You move every thing in the room,  
And sprinkle the coal on the stairs,  
And all of the rugs you kick up  
For the sake of increasing my cares.  
And you always leave your boots right in the  
middle of the room—  
Unless they should be on the chairs.

I've got to go all through the house  
When you're in here, to set the things  
straight.  
The books are left lying around  
Till the room is a horrible plight,  
And some of these days I'll let my temper get  
the upper of my muddiness and  
And the people will say I'm right.

These almost make me complain.  
And I wonder sometimes why I don't;  
I'll bear them as long as I can.  
And you, bet, when I can't, then I won't.  
I'll be compelled to use my fists on  
the floor, or the shovel in the stove,  
And put them to better account.

I'm sure that I give you advice  
Which would make a changed person of you;  
I know I'm as patient as Job,  
And I wish you had married a shrew,  
And some day you'll worry me till I'm dead  
and buried, Mr. Poddle,  
Then what in the world would you do?

## Great Captains.

## BOLIVAR,

## The Liberator of Colombia.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of Spanish domination in America is one of rapacity, misrule and revolution. The States of South America were simply fields in which Spanish avarice reaped its harvest, and the Spaniards used the wealth of the colonies to enrich themselves and a large retinue of retainers from the treasure, the labor and the suffering of the miserable natives. In mines, in the fields, on the highways, the foreigner was master and the Indian the slave. This for a century after Pizarro's cruel advent. A second century witnessed the rapid growth of a mixed race, less abject than the Indian but more vicious, turbulent and intractable; and though the Spaniard became the fixed resident and dominant power in State, in society, in commerce and in the church, a higher power in Spain ruled him with a tyranny and insolence born of that greed for gold and lust for other estates that made the Castilian both dreaded and detested in the New World.

Against this tyranny the people at length began to revolt. Spanish glory and the Spanish name, little by little, lost their hold on the popular mind. Each succeeding governor found his subjects less easily governed, and Spain beheld her colonial tributes year by year grow less. Her galleons were less richly freighted, and her "plate fleets" lessened in number until they almost entirely disappeared, for the West India possessions, the South American provinces and Mexico, with the exception of the present century, all were ripe for revolt against their oppressor.

This revolt was stimulated by the revolution in France, but more particularly by the remarkable progress and prosperity of the United States of North America. The principle of liberty and the rights of self-government were subjects of constant discussion in the Spanish colonies, but the absence of leaders, and the presence of strong Spanish garrisons in all the provinces made liberty impracticable until the appearance on the scene of General Miranda, in 1810. Fresh from service in the French army, and familiar with popular liberty from a residence in the United States, he had resolved to raise the standard of revolt in the South American provinces. He landed in Venezuela, in 1810, to commence his work of organizing the movement for revolution. He was accompanied by a young Venezuelan, Simon Bolivar—the future Liberator and "Father of his Country."

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas, July 24th, 1783, coming from a distinguished family. He was sent to Spain for education—traveled in southern Europe—spent a year in Paris—returned to Madrid and married—all of which happened before his twentieth year. His father, a rich landowner, died when he was a child, and his mother, his father's death called him home, and he reached Caracas in March, 1800, taking his beautiful wife to his extensive paternal estate, in the fair vale of Aragua, near Caracas city, where he hoped for years of domestic bliss. But then quickly came the sorrow of his life in the death of his wife by yellow fever. Almost frantic with grief he returned to Europe to alleviate his suffering by travel. He was restless and miserable. Spain had no pleasure for him. He came to the United States—a moody, unhappy man. Here he fell in with General Miranda, to whose schemes for the liberation of South America from the galling Spanish yoke he gave ear, and proceeded with him to Venezuela, in 1810. Miranda almost at once raised the standard of revolt. The captain-general was seized and deposed at Caracas, April 19th, 1810, and a congress called to organize a new government for Venezuela.

This was the beginning of the Spanish-American Revolution, that, from that moment, went on until every colony of Spain in South America had secured its independence. But with what bloodshed, destruction, fierce passion, prolonged strife! In that wild drama, so lurid with war, Bolivar towers up as the man indicated by Providence for the chief work; the bereaved husband found in his sorrow the incentive to that other love, the love of country, that bore him through disaster, through exile, through suffering, to the fullness of triumph in the independence of all the South American colonies.

He proceeded, along with Luis Mendez, to London, at his own expense, in 1811, to interest the British Cabinet in the cause of the revolutionists; but, when the great Britain ever known to aid in any popular cause! With loud and constant asseverations of liberty, the British nation never yet acted a disinterested and unselfish part in any struggle for freedom; but, waiting until sympathy and aid are no longer needed, or until her own selfish interests are aroused, England then comes forward to share in what others have won. This is about all there is in her "foreign policy." Bolivar returned, disappointed and disgusted, leaving Mendez to work for the revolutionary cause as best he could.

Miranda was confronted, in 1811, by a powerful royal army, under Monteverde, and after various reverses, the patriots were overcome. By some historians Miranda is accused of having betrayed his cause through a secret understanding with Great Britain. Bolivar and his copatriots adopted that view, and by their act Miranda was delivered over to Monteverde, by whom he was sent in chains to Spain, where he

soon after died in a dungeon. Bolivar received a passport and retired to Caracas, and Venezuela passed into royal hands again. All of Bolivar's vast property was sequestered, and the whole country was given over to awful reprisals. Deeds of revolting ferocity and plunder reduced the whole country to a frightful state of misery. On pretenses the most trivial old men, women and children were arrested, maimed, and massacred as rebels. One of Monteverde's officers, Colonel Suazola, cut off the ears of great patriots, and then ordered them stuck in his soldiers' caps for cockades.

These terrible atrocities, so wholly characteristic of a Spanish soldiery, aroused the fires of resentment in every colony, and Bolivar, with his cousin, Colonel Ribas, left their exile at Caracas to lead the revolt. In September, 1813, he repaired to Cartagena and took a colonel's command in the patriot army of New Grenada.

With this humble command the citizen developed rapidly into an efficient leader and a courageous general. He moved so rapidly and struck so valiantly as to confound the insolent royalists, who, at every point, felt before him. His chosen five hundred increased to two thousand, and with that force he descended himself strong enough to march into his own province of Venezuela to his relief. And in he marched—the people rising to welcome him as he advanced. A second division under Ribas was formed.

In view of the atrocities practiced by Monteverde, the patriot army, swelled by thousands, their sufferings had rendered them desperate, proclaimed a decree of *guerra a muerte*—war to the death. This proclamation, dated June 18th, 1813, announced:

"The executioners who entitle themselves our enemies have beheaded thousands of our fathers, children, friends they have buried alive in subterranean dungeons and vaults; they have immolated the President and commander of Popayan, with all their captive companions; they have perpetrated at Varinas a horrid butchery of our fellow soldiers made prisoners of war, and of peaceful peasants; the rest of our countrymen have avenged—the executioners shall be exterminated. Our oppressors compel us to a mortal struggle; they shall disappear from America; the war shall be unto death."

A dreadful alternative, but think of the provocation! Bolivar, though assenting from motives of policy, did not sign the bloody edict and did not propose to enforce it; it was against his humane disposition.

On August 4th, 1813, the liberating army was in Caracas. Monteverde, severely beaten in one pitched battle, took refuge in the sea fortress of Puerto Cabello, and Venezuela was free! What rejoicing followed! The liberator was borne into the city on a triumphal car drawn by twelve beautiful young women of the leading families of Caracas, dressed in white, and adorned with the patriot colors, while others strewed the way with flowers. Prison doors flew open and hundreds came forth—prisoners and captives of royalist inhumanity. Public opinion, as well as the exigency of the moment, compelled the liberator to assume the office of dictator, but this he soon formally resigned, owing to fears of a "one-man power." Throughout his entire public career, up to the day of his death, his enemies so impugned his motives, and so misconstrued his acts, as to forbid for a generation any correct or just estimate of his talents, patriotism and honesty; but, now that time has cleared away the calumny of foes and the envy of his enemies, we see him as one who almost worshipped the man, we see him as one who was a patriot in head, hand and heart, whose loftiest motive was to make a free and powerful republic of all the provinces.

The royalists, recovering from their defeat, rallied around several leaders, who, arming the negroes, and gathering to their standard all the very worst elements of a society steeped in ignorance, and tainted with a mixture of three races, marched to attack the patriot army. These made a sickening record. Three "generals"—Boves, Rosette and Morales—we are told, imitated the ferocity of the first invaders by slaughtering women and children, and killing every man who refused to join their ranks. "General" Puy, after having murdered many individuals, and robbed all patriot homes in his way, ended by a general arrest of patriots in the town of Varinas, and two days were consumed in their slaughter by the firing platoons. This deed of blood Bolivar had to order a reprisal, the people were so fierce for revenge, and eight hundred Spaniards, known to be royalists, were arrested and publicly shot, February 14th, 1814. Monteverde retaliated by shooting at the prisoners he held at Puerto Cabello. These blood reprisals thereafter became a feature of that relentless struggle, and humanity stands aghast at the passion that could have stimulated and sustained such a slaughter.

Battle after battle occurred, and finally Bolivar was beaten (June 14th, 1814) at La Puerta, and again (August 17th) on his own paternal estate at San Mateo, where the "infernal division"—a legion of negro cavalry led by Boves, with black caps on their heads, rode down his guards, killed General Ribas, and Bolivar was a fugitive once more. His mansion was burned, Ribas' head was stuck up on the walls of Caracas, and by September the whole of Venezuela was in Monteverde's possession. What followed to the patriot families was hardly to be related. The story is one of sickening horror that but darkens a name already blackened by the cruelties of Cortez, Pizarro and their captains.

Bolivar fled to Cartagena, to be welcomed by the patriots of New Grenada. He was engaged, after several successes, in reducing to obedience the factious patriot, Col. Castillo, in Cartagena, when (April, 1815) the Spanish General Morillo appeared before Cartagena with an army of 12,000 men—veterans, released from service in Europe by the peace of 1814. That army had too strong to be opposed in the then straitened condition of the colonists. Bolivar fled to Jamaica, and then to the United States, where he raised the two "republics" New Grenada and Venezuela. He shot 600 citizens of Bogota and 1,500 were shot and hanged at Zimiti.

To rid the patriots of their leader, a Spaniard was hired, for the sum of \$500, to assassinate Bolivar in his bed. The Spaniard, who was the job to a negro, who stealing to the patriot's chamber, stabbed Bolivar's secretary as he lay in bed—the chief, by mere chance, being absent from his room that night. This warning compelled him to flee to Hayti, in whose president, Petion, he found a friend, and by whose aid he formed four negro battalions and a corps of "emigrants"—the dispersed patriots.

With this new force he landed on the island of Margarita, May 1816, and there joined the patriots gathering under General Arismendi. But, landing at Cumana, in July, with this motley "army," it was almost literally destroyed by the royalists, who showed no quarter whatever. Escaping again to Hayti, he there reorganized the patriot cause, through secret agents, that he reappeared, in December, at Margarita, and issuing a proclamation to the Venezuelans, he landed at Barcelona, where the patriots had flocked at his call. Morillo hastened thither to crush him. A bloody battle ensued. For three days the combatants fought—the patriots crying "liberty or death!" On the third day the Spaniard was wholly defeated, but in his retreat was struck by the fierce Llaneros cavalry of General Paez, and Bolivar's support. These wild riders from the Llanos took terrible vengeance on the detested enemy, and Morillo's army was nearly annihilated.

"For this conduct," says one historian, "Bolivar and his co-patriots have been severely reproached with treachery and ingratitude. There were, however, many circumstances which appear to justify a suspicion of Miranda's collusion with the British Cabinet. He had long been a resident of London, was patronized and paid by the English, and was in constant intercourse with the English officers stationed at the neighboring islands, and was about to depart in the vessel of an English captain." It should be added, however, that his friends solemnly asseverated the purity of his patriotism.

Once more the insurgent cause was in the ascendant. To Bolivar, as supreme chief, all flocked, and he quickly gathered at Angostura an army of 5,000. With these he marched westward, 600 miles in thirty days, to defeat and capture Morillo's reorganized command, at Calabozo. Numerous battles followed in quick succession, in all of which Bolivar's troops were successful, and in February, 1819, the new Congress of Venezuela met at Angostura. It was opened by an oration or message from Bolivar that inaugurated the republic proper, although he strongly asseverated the need of the one man power. He then resigned to the congress his authority as supreme chief, only to be formally elected president, and then proceeded, in an ordinary manner, to put the state affairs in order again.

But he was ere long called to the other colonies to become the liberator, in succession, of New Grenada, Ecuador and Peru. In the summer of 1819 he fought several great battles that gave him possession of New Grenada, and a grand triumphal procession and entry welcomed him to Bogota. He was made president and captain-general of the republic. He summoned a general congress in December, by which New Grenada and Venezuela were united under one constitution, of which he was made president.

It is impossible here to follow the course of history in detail. Morillo, "weary of hopeless slaughter," and disgusted with the service rendered by Spain, left the country (January, 1821). His successor, Gen. La Torre, Bolivar defeated in the memorable battle of Carabobo, near Valencia (June, 1821), when over 6,000 of the royalists were slain and all their baggage and artillery captured. The next day he turned to the provinces to the south, and by a series of remarkable successes entered Lima, Peru, Sept. 1822, and was formally made dictator. In July 1824 he crossed the Andes—a terrible march—with 10,000 men, to meet the Spanish army on the plains of Junin and give it a stunning defeat; and in December his two generals, Suara and Miller, in his absence at Lima, won the great victory of Ayacucho, which ruined the royalists, and relieved Spanish America of all Spanish domination.

In February, 1825, Bolivar convoked the Congress of Peru and resigned his dictatorship. Then he proceeded to the southern provinces of Peru, which soon were confederated into the Republic of Peru, and Bolivar was asked to propose a constitution and code. He did so, in May, 1826, and this was adopted by Bolivar in the December following, but not without many protests from patriots who greatly disliked the life tenure of president. Foes also disliked the code drawn up by Bolivar's president, while Suara became president of Bolivia.

Bolivar's code gave rise to charges of usurpation or imperial designs, seeing that he was also president of Colombia; and out of it grew a bitter rivalry between Bolivar and Suara, which ended by Bolivar's death. He died in the arms of his friends, and his body was taken to his home, and he died in the arms of his friends, and his body was taken to his home, and he died in the arms of his friends.

In January, 1830, at a specially-summed congress, he resigned all his powers, and, though re-elected, would not longer consent to the presidency. Worn in body, and sick in heart, he longed for rest. "I am tainted," he said, in his solemn address at the opening, "with aspiring to tyranny. Set me, I beseech you, beyond the reach of that curse. If you persist in electing me, the State is ruined. Give to another the presidency which I now respectfully abdicate." He retired to Cartagena, seeing his friend Mosquera in the presidency; but that excellent patriot was soon driven to resignation, in despair of ever being able to control the turbulent spirits and passions of place and power. Again the people and Congress besought Bolivar to come forward once more, but failing health warned him that his best work was done. He had given his countrymen a country; if they could not preserve it, then, indeed, had his life work been a failure.

As a last act, in December, 1831, he published to Colombians a farewell address, in which he vindicated his acts, principles, and public life, and charged upon his people ingratitude. His address was quickly followed by his death—December 17th, 1831.

These two events, coming so closely together, produced a profound sensation. Then all classes realized how deeply they had wronged him, and how much they had lost. The people, who had passed to an early grave, heart-broken, touched them like a great sorrow. Expressions of grief were general and sincere. His calamities trembled before the popular indignation. Living, he had a howling host at his heels, eager to hunt him from sight; dead, that howling host slunk away, awed and trembling before the wall of sorrow that went up over all the land.

The States he freed from the despot have lived to witness a change after change—revolution after revolution—driving one "president" from office merely to institute another. That feverish Spanish blood seems incapable of stability and submission to law. Bolivar foresaw just that danger when he provided for a life tenure of office for the president. Happy for Colombians and Peruvians—for the people of Ecuador and Bolivia—if they could be so true to the memory of Bolivar, the Father of their Country, as to respect the principle and order which he had so long as it was possible to keep her.

"Households are cheaper than doctors," he said, "so Ann must not be discharged at present."

Christmas drew near, and then, especially, Addie felt the need of means. "I always have given Harry a Christmas present, every year since we were married," she said to herself, "and I can't give it up. But I can't ask him for money now. What shall I do? I haven't time to go to any outside work to make money, or any to do, if I had time. I haven't any jewelry to sell, and—Oh! Addie was looking over the advertisements in a paper, as she mused, and her eye fell upon a notice of a second-hand furniture sale.

"A horrible old bureau up garret!" she cried. "It won't bring much. I know, but then it will be enough for a simple Christmas present, and the old trap has never done any good yet. This says, 'Old-fashioned furniture bought, sold, or exchanged.' The very place I want! I'll send the bureau down there by the very first express wagon I see, and I'll go up and get it ready. It will be worth something if it helps me to give Harry and May one Christmas present! I won't feel quite so poor if I can do that."

She threw down her paper, glanced at little May to see that she was sleeping soundly in her crib tucked the warm quilt snugly around her, and wrapping a shawl about her own shoulders, went to the garret to empty the drawers, or the old bureau, smiling as she remembered her disappointment when Aunt Patty's legacy was first brought to sight.

But her smile changed to a sigh as she thought, "If it only had been something worth having! What is it so much to wish for?"

She began at the lower drawer, and took out the old moth-eaten, bombazine dress, and laid it upon a chair. Then followed the short night-gowns, and the ancient night-caps, at which Addie laughed again. Then she opened the top drawer, and took out the worn table-cloth.

"Let me see," she said, shaking one out of the folds; "Ann needs some new dish-towels—I might make some of these. Pretty thin, but they'll do, I guess. I'll take them down when I go." She laid them aside, and took up the sheets.

"This one is not as worn as I thought," she said. "I might use it, now times are so scarce. Let's look at another." She took up the second sheet, and the pile—there were only three—and unfolded it.

A yellow envelope fell out upon the floor. "What's that?" said Addie, picking it up. Upon the outside, in Aunt Patty's own odd,

she thought, by way of consolation, as she led the way into the sitting-room, where the old bureau was put down, the man paid and dismissed, and then Addie turned to Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry, "but here's the key." They quickly unlocked the upper drawer, while Baby May toddled up and began to pat the bureau with little gleeful laughs of fun, and Harry drew it out. A few old articles of clothing were inside, and lying upon them a small folded paper. Addie caught it up and read:

"I give this bureau and all it contains to the nephew and niece, Harry and Addie Atwood, in the hope that they may find it useful."

"PATTY BLAKE."

They lifted and looked at the things in the drawer—two or three old, thin sheets, two or three worn table-cloths and pillow-cases, and an ancient pair of Swiss muslin window-curtains, worked in turkey-red cotton, and worn into holes where they were not meant to be.

Harry and Addie looked at each other in blank dismay.

"Try another drawer," suggested Addie.

The next drawer, being tried, contained only one or two coarse, yellow muslin night-gowns and a couple of cotton night-caps—with huge ruffles, which roused Harry's mirth at once, and in the bottom drawer there was nothing but the remains of an old, black bombazine dress.

Still Addie could not give up. "Maybe there is a secret drawer somewhere—or a false bottom or something," she suggested, again; "I've read of such things!"

"Not likely," said Harry, but he pulled all the drawers clear out, examined them, pounded and thumped all the boards, and at last said:

"No use, Addie. No romance here! We've got our legacy before us!" And he broke into a laugh.

Addie was nearer crying. "Ugly old thing!" she said. "Isn't of any use, nor the things in it—they are only fit for carpet rags!"

"Well, where will you have it?" asked Harry. "Put it up garret for rubbish, or in the woodshed for kindling wood, I don't care which!" said Addie, who was unable to control her disappointment.

"If you can!" she added. "We didn't want her to give us anything, but since we heard she did, I've thought so much about the dear little house, Harry, I can't help feeling sorry now."

"Never mind, we'll have the house yet!" said bright-eyed Harry, making the best of it, as he always did. "Well, is the old trap to be banished to the garret?"

"Yes, we have all the furniture there's room for down here, and up-stairs too, and it's of no use to me," said Addie, who was not a little vexed to see the old trap to be banished to the garret.

"So with the assistance of Ann, the stout kitchen maid, the old bureau was taken up to the garret, and Addie, after one more glance at the worn old things in the upper drawer, left them folded as they were, thinking if ever she made a rag carpet they might do for the white stripes!"

The winter came on severe, and "hard times" was everybody's complaint. Harry began to look anxious, and told Addie that he feared the house was with had become somewhat bare, and he didn't know but he would come some day out of a place.

"And one day he did come, looking so grave that Addie at once asked, 'Well, Harry, what is it? Lost your situation?'"

"Quite so bad as that, and maybe I ought not to grumble when it might be worse. But it's bad enough. The company had a meeting to-day, and were obliged to dismiss three of the clerks, and reduced my salary and the assistant book-keeper one-third. That only leaves us eight hundred dollars for the next year. Addie, and I don't see how we are to pay the little May's sickness has made us, and get through the winter."

"Nor I," said Addie. "You know they promised to raise my salary next year."

"They would if they could," said Harry. "As times are now, I'm only too glad to keep my place at all. Mr. March said if I would stand by them through their pinch they would make it up to me as soon as the business pressure lightened."

"Well, 'half a loaf is better than no bread,'" said Addie. "I dare say we can contrive to worry through our own pinch, somehow, Harry."

"I guess we can keep enough on hand to eat and keep the little May dear. There's only one thing I hate very much."

"What is that?"

"We can't pay the rent of this house any longer. We'll have to find a cheaper one somewhere."

"Oh, Harry! I'm so sorry! You know we have always looked forward to buying this some day! And we like the neighborhood so much."

"I'm sorry too, but we can't help it, Addie. Perhaps we may own it yet, some day. But for the present we must hunt a cheap little place somewhere, and do the best we can. I'll look out for a chance before the month is up, and maybe we won't have to go very far out for a while."

"I hope not. Your walk is long enough now," sighed Addie. But both she and Harry knew that the only cheap houses were away out on the new streets, far away from the heart of the city and all its privileges.

Addie was very sad, for she loved their dear little home, and could not bear to leave it. But she saw that it must be done, or get into debt, of which both Harry and herself had a perfect horror, and which they were resolved not to do.

Addie offered to give Ann up and do the work herself, but this Harry would not hear of as long as it was possible to keep her.

"Households are cheaper than doctors," he said, "so Ann must not be discharged at present."

Christmas drew near, and then, especially, Addie felt the need of means. "I always have given Harry a Christmas present, every year since we were married," she said to herself, "and I can't give it up. But I can't ask him for money now. What shall I do? I haven't time to go to any outside work to make money, or any to do, if I had time. I haven't any jewelry to sell, and—Oh! Addie was looking over the advertisements in a paper, as she mused, and her eye fell upon a notice of a second-hand furniture sale.

cramped hand, was written, "For my nephew and niece, Harry and Addie, for their kindness to a cross old woman."

"Oh! my goodness gracious!" panted Addie, dropping into a chair, weak as a child. She let the envelope lie in her lap for a minute or two before she had strength in her nerveless fingers to open it.

Then she tore it carefully apart; something came out wrapped in thin white paper; this was quickly unfolded—well, it was a small, greenish, striped paper that Addie held in her trembling fingers, but they stood for just two thousand dollars, and it looked almost as large as a million just now! Upon the bit of white paper was written in the same cramped hand:

"Banks break and lawyers steal, but I'll trust Providence to help you find this when you need it worst."

Just then Addie heard a cheery whistle downstairs. She went to the door.

"Harry! come up here! Three steps at a time!" she called.

Her voice told Harry that nothing was wrong, so he came bounding up the stairs, and in Addie's happy hands he found, at last, Aunt Patty's Legacy.

Harry and Addie did not leave the pretty cottage they loved so well, but Addie kept the deed for it safely locked in the drawer of the old bureau in her own bedroom.

## TO AN OLD SLIPPER.

BY HUGH HOWARD.

Up in a dusty attic nook I find you lying:  
You bear a most familiar look, there's no denying.  
Before you'd walked the sands of time for any distance,

I knew you in the brilliant prime of your existence.  
About the heel you're trodden low, your men is faded;  
That scuffed sole upon your toe is sadly faded.  
Yet though your vigor quite as I'm a slinger,  
You've done good service in your day, if ever shoe did!

Matilda was a blushing bride when first she wrought you:  
With wifely love and wifely pride to me she brought you.  
I will recall my outer glow, not less than inner:  
It's fully forty years ago, as I'm a slinger!

Matilda now is sixty-three, while I'm still older;  
And time's put chalk in either knee, bowed either shoulder.  
And made, old slipper, I opine, since last it quit you!  
This gleamed and gouty foot of mine too big to fit you!

There's John, my son, to think that he is almost fifty;  
And daughter Kate has grown to be a matron thrifty!  
With people elderly and gray they'll soon be ranking.  
Yet here's the slipper from which they got many a spanking!

## Ripples.

How to take life easy—be careless with coal oil.

"Her Face is a Garden of Flowers," is the title of a new song; but "flowers" is evidently a misprint for "flour."

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.

"I say, wife, I'm glad this coffee doesn't owe me anything." "Why, my dear?" "Because it would never settle."

"That's the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

We have just heard that seventy new styles of bonnets will be introduced. What a wearing time this season will be!

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with one who is rich, and richly attired.

Mr. Passamazza was arrested in Memphis on Monday for fighting, and had to Passamazza-ize night in the calaboose in consequence.

The young lady who wants to drown herself about these days should be careful to bundle up warm and take along a hot brick, as the water is very cold.

At a fair in Fall River a saw and saw-horse awarded to the fastest man in town were given back by the recipient, who declared himself too lazy to carry them home.

A gentleman, wishing not long since to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said: "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady: "Say yes, pussy."

Grace Greenwood speaks of the unpleasant odor from the hair of other people in the quicksilver mines. It may be true that his head is offensive, but the rest of the laboring man is sweet.

An English paper believes that the time will come when mules will bray as sweetly as the nightingale sings. Nothing is impossible with enough time. The time when an Englishman will drop his h's.

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hands, "for instance, a husband who is always ready to handsome money to his wife."

Two young brothers may be as devoted as attached to each other as were Damon and Pythias, but you will never hear of one snatching the scuttle from the hands of the other, and insisting upon going down cellar to bring up the coal.

As a stern-wheel steambot was passing up the Ohio river the other day, a little girl who was standing on the hot stove, ran into the house to her mother, calling out: "Mother, mother, come and look at this steambot—it's got a bustle on."

"Oh, mamma, that s Captain Jones' knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife!" "Well, my dear, you must accept him!" "But then you hated him!" "I do so much to intend to be his mother-in-law." Revenge is sweet, especially to women.

Edwin—"And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?" Angelina—(promptly). "Nothing is easier, Edwin, dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it."

A woman, hearing a great deal about "pre serving autumn leaves," concluded to put up a jar of them! She told a neighbor the other day that she didn't think they would ever be fit to eat, and that she might just as well have thrown her sugar away.

An exchange says that the champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what initials were." "Why, your name being George Gould, you want two G's." "Oh, I see," he said, and he wrote "G. Geese."

The hardest